

In the prefecture of Kyoto there were countless Chashitsu to stay in the evening, and watch the travellers pass by. At that time, Hideki, a bushi of Nagoya, was in a bureaucrat trip by order of his daimyo. The man was not as wealthy as the rest of his comrades, due to individual actions that ended up signing him as a stubborn. He was young, but calmly acted like the oldest of them all, and accepted that trip joyfully, knowing it was a temporary exile to keep him away for a while.

His solvency was questionable, which made him doubt before calmly sit in the crackling wood of a chashitsu in his way. Hideki sighed softly and waited for his tea, looking at the people in the place, they looked all alike to him, which made him even more tired of the imposed exile. He heard a clicking sound to his left, that felt like waking up from a dream, the jingle was graceful and fresh, and he could not help but turn his head to the sound. Silently a woman left a tea cup next to him, the jingle came from his neck, she had some kind of charm tied.

- Thank you. - Hideki greeted. - What is your name?

She didn't raise her head but looked up to the man. Her sight was incredibly strong, quiet and dark. Hideki could have advised a story written in those eyes, he felt like trapped by them.

- Ayame. - She said, she finally raised her head. The charm jingled again. - Would you like to try some traditional candy of the town?

- Ah, I must reject your wonderful offer, Ayame. I'm not hungry at all. I must look for a place to stay tonight. - Hideki felt ashamed of rejecting such an offer she made. But he was afraid it was too expensive, which would lead in a even worse situation.

- We have a room available in the back for visitors. Please accept our place as yours for tonight. Where are you from bushi? - Her words were innocent but her sight was sharp and curious. She was testing him, maybe guessing his position. Ah! his heart.

- Please call me Hideki. I'm indeed a bushi, serving a man, and in my travel I must indulge his bureaucrat desires. Boring story for such young hears.- he joked. She didn't smiled but looked at him more curiously. He couldn't guess her age, probably seventeen, or nineteen, but her sight were a twenties, or thirties!. He wasn't even thirty yet.- I would gladly accept the offer of staying, if it's no trouble.

- Not at all. - She replied. - Where are you from, Hideki?

She kept asking him questions, he replied with joy, trying to glad the young girl, but Ayame seemed to be serious. She was graceful and delicate in her movements, but in her eyes, a storm seemed to be trapped aiming to break out. It reminded Hideki to the waves breaking, but silently. What a weird thought, he told to himself. While he was telling her some of the things he encountered in the travel, she spent a while looking at his obi. He thought with shame that maybe she found the quality of the obi questionable. "She must have encountered rich travellers here" he thought.

Finally she asked him to entered the place, to show him the room. First of all she introduced him to Chiasa, the tea place owner. Chiasa barely payed attention to him, apart from the

most strict formalities. Ayame guided Hideki to a simple room with basic needs for a night, the candle, a futon and a clean sleeping Yukata.

- I hope the room pleases you.- She said while waiting on her knees in the door.
- Oh it does, thank you, it's more than I could ask for. - He sat in his knees, too, and slightly nodded. She nodded back. Ayame was about to leave the sight of the man, when she looked at him directly for a moment. Hideki frozen under such a look, the silent waves, again.
- Good night.- and then she left. Hideki was still looking at the place where the girl stood, looking at him. suddenly he woke up, with the distant jiggle of the Ayame's charm, and realised he didn't reply to her good night wishes. What a strange girl, he thought. After this thoughts he left his travel clothes folded and put the Yukata on. It was comfortable and fresh, he felt already better when his skin touched the fabric.

Once alone he took a look to the room more slowly, and found some peculiar details, such a metallic circular ornament nailed to the floor. It looked like some kind of charm. Maybe a protection? Who would have guessed.

It was already dark in the room, and Hideki was Calmly lying in the futon, trying to sleep. In the middle of the night silence he could heard the clinking sound of the girl's charm, and thought he was already sleeping for hearing that sound, but the door opened and Hideki, with surprise, Intuited Ayame's outline in the night. She was wearing a calligraphy brush and some ink.

- Ayame? - asked him softly, like whispering a secret.

She approached to the candle without replying, leaving the calligraphy items in the floor, and closing the door behind her. The candlelight danced, and the shadows invaded the room like a spirits ritual. Hideki stayed quiet, waiting for the girl to explain her visit, but she quietly left the candle in the floor and approached to Hideki's clothes. He remembered the Obi.

- Ah, my clothes are not very good. - He said, his voice broke the silence and felt like a thunder in the rain. - I thank you so much for this Yukata for the night.

She took the obi and softly caressed it, like testing its fabric. Hideki found himself nervous, a tickling feeling wandered his body, and finally boiled when she tightened firmly the obi and looked at him.

- Lie down. - She said. Now, it sounded like the waves breaking, like the cracking and strong melody of the furious sea wasn't muted anymore. He could do nothing but do as she asked and wait.

Ayame approached him, left the obi in the floor and put Hideki's arms up, slowly. He could feel her hands, she was stronger than he thought, still graceful. She took again the obi, then, and firmly tied his arms. She also tied it to the circular charm nailed in the floor he saw before. The feeling of the fabric tightly rubbing his skin reminded him the soft touch of the yukata, and then realised she was slowly untying the Yukata. As she opened it, he felt a

breeze in his chest, already warm and hardly keeping the pounding of his heart. She took the brush and dipped the bristles in ink, just before lying softly the bristles on his skin. She calmly painted over his naked body, firstly around the chest, the waist and the hip. The cold feeling of the ink caressing his naked skin made him feel shivers and moaned a bit under the pleasure. She drew a bit more in his thighs just before leaving the brush in the floor again. She rubbed her hands in his body, messing up the drawings, and scratching his skin a bit, he sighed and beared a moan again under such arousal, that slowly went down. She scratched, caressed, licked and bit him for a while before he asked with barely no breathing for an end. She looked again at him, with her stormy sigh and decided to extend the ritual a bit more just before letting him finish.

He could not help but falling asleep shortly after, and the candle blew out.

Next morning Hideki woke up with a sudden feeling, remembering the night, but he was alone, and his clothes were exactly where he left them, including the obi, which he looked at nervously. He dressed quickly and went out of the room, looking for Ayame, who he found outside, sweeping the garden for customers. She didn't seem to realise about his presence.

- Good morning. - He softly said, trying to keep himself calmly. She looked at him.
- I hope your stay was good enough, bushi.
- It... was. - He wasn't sure about his memories being a dream or not. - I must go now, take this, please. - He left all the money he could think a night of hospitality would cost in Kyoto.
- Oh no please. There was a pleasure to keep you here, we don't charge for one night to tea customers.

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He doubted before saving the money again.
- I must leave, now. In order to keep my travel.
- Sure, take care, please come back someday.- The girl finally smiled. He felt so moved he didn't ask anything and, as said, took his way back. Just when he was almost losing sight of the place, he felt an itchy feeling in the chest, and discovered rest of ink on his skin. His heart pounded heavily again. It was reality, after all.